

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE

By RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CHASE.

"It's my opinion they won't catch him. Marvel's no fool. He is not headstrong, but he knows enough to keep under cover now that they are after him."

"That's all right, Evers, and, as you say, I guess Marvel can hide away well enough. But what I want to know is, what's he got to hide for? He ain't done nothing as far as I can see 'cept to fire off his pistol when he was mad as thunder."

"And might he was, too," said another jumper in the saloon where this conversation occurred. "I say my man of grit would have done the same. Why, didn't the old man try to disgrace him right before his sweetheart and a lot of girls?"

"Well, anyway," said the storekeeper, removing himself to speak, "shoot or fool, I guess they'll get him. I hear how the squire is terrible out on about this thing, and he's set down to Boston for a regular detective."

"The squire's sent to Boston for a detective?" said Evers. "I wouldn't have believed that the squire would do such a thing. To set a spy on the track of one of his neighbors. Why, it's disgraceful."

Over in the corner, on chairs drawn up close to the stove, sat two strangers. They had arrived in Lee that morning, and after taking drinks at this only tavern in the town had apparently set about getting warm. The elder of the two here ventured a remark.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you'll pardon the curiosity of a stranger, I'd like to ask you what crime this young man has committed?"

A pause followed, while the strangers became the object of a close scrutiny by all present. Finally Will Evers stepped forward, and, looking his interrogator steadily in the face, said:

"I am Will Evers, Walter Marvel's friend. Before I answer any of your questions I must know who you are and why you wish to know this story."

"Your talk aroused my curiosity," said the stranger.

"Will you deny that you are a detective?" Evers eyed him closely, but not a sign indicated that the question had caused surprise. He was disappointed, for he had expected him to be disconcerted. The reply was simple.

"I shall not deny it, for I never lie." He handed Evers a card upon which was neatly engraved, "John Barnes, Detective, Boston."

After reading it, conciliated by the detective's honesty, Evers said:

"I thank you for your candor. I suspected you, for we seldom have strangers in Lee. As I am Marvel's friend, and as you have come here to make trouble for him, you will pardon me if I give you no information which will be of use to you."

"No need, young man. We'll get along well enough without you." Evers recognized the voice of Squire Olney, who had just entered, and he turned away. The squire shook Mr. Barnes cordially by the hand, saying:

"You are Mr. Barnes, the man sent down by the Bellinghams, I presume? I am glad you are so punctual. I expected to find you here, as I received a dispatch from your chief last night. As soon as you are ready I shall take you up to Mr. Lewis' house, for it is in connection with his affair that I sent for you."

"I am ready to go with you at once," said Mr. Barnes in an undertone, "but first let me introduce to you my friend Mr. Burrows. He is a young man in whom the chief is interested, and he works with the elder man that he may acquire experience. He is a beginner, but he is careful and promises to become a first-class detective."

Lewis rose, and the squire shook hands with him, whereupon the three men exchanged a few words in an undertone. A while another stranger appeared upon the scene. This was a man dressed in the garb of a sailor. He ordered a hot drink, for which he paid in advance. Then he asked one or two questions, whereupon the storekeeper called out:

"I say, squire! Here's a man you may as well see."

Thus summoned, the squire left the detectives and approached the newcomer.

"Well, my man," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"My name is John Lewis," was the reply. "I have been at sea for several years, but have at last reached home again, or rather I should say my father's home, for this is my first visit to Lee. I was asking to be directed to my father's house when this gentleman told me that you were about to go there and might be willing to take me with you."

"I shall be delighted to do so," said the squire, offering his hand to Lewis in cordial recognition. "I have often heard your father speak of you, and as I know that he loves you and longs for your return it will be a pleasure to me to restore his son to him."

"You can't think how your words gladden me," said Lewis, apparently overcome by emotion. "I ran away from home when I was a youngster, and now that I have come back it is good news to hear that a welcome awaits me."

"Welcome! Yes, indeed. Your father has often said to me that he would cheerfully forgive your foolish escapade if you would but return. But come. We must start at once. I have business of importance with your father this morning, and I am taking a detective with me to his house."

"A detective!" exclaimed Lewis. He seemed startled, and Tom Burrows, who was watching him, noted that he glanced hurriedly around the room, his eyes resting finally upon Mr. Barnes and himself.

"Oh, you need not be alarmed," said the squire, observing his agitation. "It is in your father's interest that I have brought a detective from Boston. I will explain as we go along."

"You must excuse me being startled," said Lewis, "but it rather surprised me to hear that you were taking a detective to my father's house. At the instant the absurd but horrible idea entered my brain that you meant to arrest me."

Tom Burrows thought it a significant fact that at the mention of the word "detective" Lewis' eye should have sought the very man who was detective. When he imparted this suspicion to Mr. Barnes, the latter suggested that possibly Lewis had seen them before and that their faces attracted him because he partly recognized them. Subsequently he learned that Lewis had, indeed, had reached Lee after them, because he had walked from Newmarket, while they had taken the stage.

Without further conversation the four men started on their way toward the home of John Lewis. As they walked the squire enlightened them upon the affair which had necessitated the presence of a detective.

"This business," he began, "is particularly unpleasant because the late people in the town are mixed up in it. John Lewis came to Lee a few years ago, bringing with him a little girl, then about four years of age. Virginia she is named, though her father's name is Virgie. We knew nothing of Lewis, but he appeared to have money, for he bought Riverside farm, on which he has lived ever since. He made friends rapidly as the townspeople came to know him, and he was reckoned an acquisition. The girl was not his own child, he explained, but an adopted one, the daughter of his sister, who had died (mentioned having a son)—the squire here addressed Lewis—"but we never saw you. How was that?"

"When my father came to Lee," replied Lewis, "he left me at a military academy in New York, but I returned under the restraint, and one day very foolishly ran away and shipped for a voyage to China."

"Ah! That explains matters. About five years after Lewis settled here the Barnes came. At first it was only for the summer months, but finally they bought a place and since then have been permanent residents. Naturally young Walter Marvel—an only son—met Virgie, and from boyhood he has been attached to her. But while she has never rejected his attentions she has never acted so that any one, even her most intimate friends, could be sure that she loved him. There are two others connected with what I am about to tell you—Alice Marvel, Walter's sister, and Harry Lucas, Walter's friend, currently supposed to be in love with Alice, though there are some who claim that were it not for the friendship between him and Walter, Lucas would court Miss Lewis himself. That is probably only gossip. However, these four young people are fast friends."

"They are constantly together and are partners in many enterprises of a social or charitable nature. Another fact which has a not unimportant bearing upon the subsequent events is that all four of these young people expert shots with a pistol. Some two or three years ago a circus appeared in this neighborhood, the star attraction of which was a young girl who was wonderfully clever with a pistol. Virgie declared that she, too, could learn to shoot, and the result was that pistols were bought, and I may say, a sort of shooting club was formed, though only these four were members."

"Recently Virgie attained her majority and arranged to celebrate it with a festival for all of her friends. As it was during the nutting season the guests were invited to come for the day, the many nut trees near the river banks promising occupation to those who cared for that sort of amusement, while tennis nets and croquet were set upon the lawn. In addition it was announced that there would be a shooting match in which all could take part."

"All went merrily during the morning, and a sumptuous dinner, served upon tables in the open air, had been enjoyed by all, after which the party dispersed about the farm in small groups. I was sitting on a bench chatting with Lewis when Virgie and Walter Marvel approached. The latter asked permission to speak to Lewis privately, and I therefore walked a little way from them with Virgie. At the time I had no idea of Marvel's object in seeking the interview with Lewis and was startled a few moments later to hear them talking in angry tones, but that you may better understand the affair I will relate just what occurred, as it was told to me afterward by Lewis himself."

"It appears that the shooting match that day had a greater prize at stake than the trophy which had been offered. Marvel had asked Virgie to be his wife and begged permission to speak to her adopted father. With a smile and womanlike desire to keep him in suspense as long as possible, her reply had been, 'Wait me at the target, and you may speak to father.' This he had accomplished, though by only a single point, and it was to ask for the hand of Virgie that he had impudently sought the private conversation with Lewis. Lewis confessed to me that he had not suspected that there was any attachment between them, and he was therefore surprised by Marvel's request. He asked whether Virgie had given her consent, and, receiving the affirmative reply, after a moment's hesitation he informed Marvel that he would not sanction his suit. Marvel, of course, was angry, and Lewis made some angry remarks, which at last were loud enough to attract my attention. Virgie and I then went quickly toward the two men, and others did the same, so that when the final came there was quite a crowd of people about us. As we approached Marvel said to me:

"Virgie, Mr. Lewis refuses his consent and will not give his reasons."

"Why do you object, uncle?" asked Virgie. She strongly emphasized the word "uncle," a title by which she had never addressed him before. This incident will give you an insight into that girl's character—cool, self-possessed and without willful and determined, though by willful I do not mean that she is unrestrained by reason, but rather that once having formed a project she will carry it into effect at any cost. For a moment Lewis seemed staggered by her words, but he quickly recovered himself and replied:

"Because I will not allow my daughter to marry into a family of jail-birds."

"What do you mean by that?" fairly screamed Walter, trembling with barely suppressed anger.

"What? I mean?" retorted Lewis, speaking rapidly and as though actuated by intense emotion. "I mean that your uncle, the man whose wife bore you,

was a convict and that he caused the death of an innocent girl."

"With a wild cry of rage Marvel drew his pistol, which he had received after the shooting match, and fired at Lewis. The sequence of events had been so startling and so rapid that none of us made a move to save Lewis except Virgie, who exhibited her usual presence of mind. With a quick upward motion of her hand she diverted her lover's aim so that the ball went into the air. Having thus saved the life of her adopted father, she turned to Lewis and said the single word 'Go.' Walter looked at her a moment with despair upon his face; then, as she made no answer to his mute appeal, he threw his weapon from him and rushed from the place, threatening Lewis with his vengeance."

"He had scarcely departed when Lucas pushed through the surrounding circle and upbraided Lewis for what had occurred. Lewis, by this time beside himself with rage, ordered Lucas to leave the premises, and threatened to set his dog upon him if he would not do so, or if he ever should return. Lucas muttered some threatening words, but refused to leave, whereupon Alice Marvel pressed forward and said:

"You are a coward to have insulted two gentlemen while they were your guests. I almost feel that I could kill you myself."

"Alice is usually a quiet girl, but she is somewhat hysterical, and as the two men were the one brother and the other her sweetheart she was much overwrought. She and Lucas left simultaneously. Then Virgie, still maintaining her dignity, said:

"Since my uncle has acted so churlishly to three of my guests, I advise the rest of my friends to retire lest he should humiliate us further."

"That she spoke of him as uncle marred Lewis, and he retorted angrily: 'Go, all of you, but—picking up Marvel's pistol—I call you all to witness that this is Walter Marvel's weapon and that with it he attempted to take my life.'"

The squire paused a moment and then resumed:

"I was an eyewitness of this scene, and I assure you that I have not exaggerated it in the least. On the following day Lewis applied to me to process a warrant for him. As I was once a justice of the peace he knew that I understood such matters. I tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he was determined to have Marvel arrested for assault with intent to kill. He procured the warrant, but thus far Marvel has kept out of the way. After several months unsuccessful attempts to persuade Lewis to abandon his object I was obliged to give up the task. Then the continued absence of young Marvel began to worry me, and I feared that he might return and kill Lewis. Therefore I have decided that it will be best to find him before any such calamity can occur, this as much for his sake as for the safety of Lewis. So I have sent for you, Mr. Barnes, taking a step of which Lewis is ignorant. And now may I ask you what in your judgment will be the chance of apprehending Marvel?"

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"There," said the squire admiringly; "see how quickly you get at it. I should never have thought of such a mode of proceeding. You are right, too, as to your first conjecture. Marvel is high spirited, and I should not be surprised if he surrenders as soon as he learns that he is wanted. That is why I have been worried by his disappearance. But here we are at the farm."

The house was an elegant frame building of the Queen Anne style of architecture. The grounds were on the south side of the road, so that the dwelling faced the north. It was recessed about 50 feet from a picket fence, and the party entered through a neat, painted gate, a tick paved walk leading them up to the main door. This was standing invitingly open. Squire Olney seemed entirely at home, for he led the way straight in without the formality of using the great brass lion's paw which served as a knocker. This bold entry was not destined to go unresented, however, for a huge mastiff appeared, coming from an inner room, and growled menacingly. At a word from the squire the dog assumed a less hostile demeanor and pricked about the party, sniffing at their persons as though to make their acquaintance. When he reached Lewis, who was the last to enter, he raised himself up on his hind legs, and planting his forepaws on his breast, tried to lick him on the face. Lewis resisted the animal's familiarity and seemed much annoyed as he brusquely pushed him down with an exclamation of impatience.

"Why, Mr. Lewis," said the squire, "the dog acts as though he knows you. Can it be possible that he remembers you? I know that your father brought him here when he first came, but that is years ago and he was a mere puppy then."

"I remember him well enough now."

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The house was an elegant frame building of the Queen Anne style of architecture. The grounds were on the south side of the road, so that the dwelling faced the north. It was recessed about 50 feet from a picket fence, and the party entered through a neat, painted gate, a tick paved walk leading them up to the main door. This was standing invitingly open. Squire Olney seemed entirely at home, for he led the way straight in without the formality of using the great brass lion's paw which served as a knocker. This bold entry was not destined to go unresented, however, for a huge mastiff appeared, coming from an inner room, and growled menacingly. At a word from the squire the dog assumed a less hostile demeanor and pricked about the party, sniffing at their persons as though to make their acquaintance. When he reached Lewis, who was the last to enter, he raised himself up on his hind legs, and planting his forepaws on his breast, tried to lick him on the face. Lewis resisted the animal's familiarity and seemed much annoyed as he brusquely pushed him down with an exclamation of impatience.

"Why, Mr. Lewis," said the squire, "the dog acts as though he knows you. Can it be possible that he remembers you? I know that your father brought him here when he first came, but that is years ago and he was a mere puppy then."

"I remember him well enough now."

"A detective!" exclaimed Lewis. A warrant for him. As I was once a justice of the peace he knew that I understood such matters. I tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he was determined to have Marvel arrested for assault with intent to kill. He procured the warrant, but thus far Marvel has kept out of the way. After several months unsuccessful attempts to persuade Lewis to abandon his object I was obliged to give up the task. Then the continued absence of young Marvel began to worry me, and I feared that he might return and kill Lewis. Therefore I have decided that it will be best to find him before any such calamity can occur, this as much for his sake as for the safety of Lewis. So I have sent for you, Mr. Barnes, taking a step of which Lewis is ignorant. And now may I ask you what in your judgment will be the chance of apprehending Marvel?"

"Oh," said Mr. Barnes, "there will be no difficulty in finding him. I do not think he is hiding from the law. If at all, it is from the disgrace which he fancies that Mr. Lewis has cast upon him. But if he really loves Miss Lewis the thing is simple. We have but to watch her. He is sure to seek an interview sooner or later."

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LYBANDERS' ORATION

[illegible]

speech, Lysander?" who asked sweetly, but a little hesitatingly, after one happy silence.

"Well, I don't know as I'm a Jedge," Lysander answered reflectively. "I felt kinder flustered at first, I guess on account of 'you not bol' present'."

Fiza flushed in the darkness. "P'aps I'll come and bet you."

"Next time you," she said with a nonchalant assurance in her voice.

"Now that's real good of you," the orator exclaimed. "But I'm a thinker," he added doubtfully, "p'aps I ain't just the sort for speechifyin'; I seem's though Providence interferred," which was Lysander's surrender.—Waverley Magazine.

His First Trip on a Seagoing Boat.

It was on the Clyde steamer "Fitz-John" and on a beautiful evening in March 185—. We were south bound, having just passed Cape Hatteras, and the passengers had remarked what a terrible thing it would be if the vessel should spring a leak, when Mr. Fatman, a corpulent fellow as his name might suggest, was reminded of an experience of his on the occasion of his first voyage. No vote was needed to show that we were eager to hear of this. There were fellows from the lips of Mr. Fatman, a graphic description of this episode of his life, when he and his companions thought that they were surely going to the bottom. Said he, "The waves are passing over the ship from forty to fifty feet high while six of us are playing poker in the smoking room. One of the parties who had been to sea several times excuses himself and leaves the premises. The waves are beating upon all their fury against the window panes and creek, clang and other terrible sounds ensue. Shortly afterward he returns and opens the door, and with fingers to his mouth beckons for us to come. We follow after, wondering what has taken possession of the man, and slowly and silently we pace those decks behind him. Suddenly he stops and points to a hole in the deck through which the stream is bursting, then taking us one little further he shows us another aperture, and pointing down to the engine room below with all solemnity he says, 'See! they are pumping water there and if the water gets above a certain point it puts the fire out, the pumping ceases and we are lost.'"

"I have been virtuous all my life," he has it come to this, that I am a drowned man!" and taking off my cap, I saw he had there stood up in his britches and the cold water had started on every pore.

At Saturday evening as we were dining at Bermuda on Sunday morning we passed back and forth at twelve o'clock one of our passengers remarked, "If we are to drown, might as well die in the berth as in the saloon," and his room mate came to the same conclusion, to die game. We to the contrary continued to pace the deck until another feels the fangs of Morpheus makes a break for his stateroom.

By half follows leaving only together with us. We continue on watch until about two o'clock, when my mate could stand no more, and he wishes to go to bed, but he is so sleepy and if to bottom we then why not as well in the bunkers anywhere? I am all alone now and stopping out of the grand saloon I serve a woman coming up from the room. "Captain!" she cries, "we are all lost." "Oh no my good woman," he replies, "go right down to your room and stay there until morning and this will be all right."

"I wish I wish I could believe it," he said so much better."

"You are being assured by the Captain that everything was all right and tomorrow morning she would be Bermuda she was persuaded to go to her room.

I now look another stroll around the ship and kept it up until daydawn. Coming across the Captain I said, "We pulled through all right Cap?" "Yes," said he, "We are feeling much better."

"What are those holes I noticed?"

"The stateroom coming up was now only aches in width." He replied "We start out we put in so many barrels of water for ballast, then when the ship we send the water through those pipes." Biting my lip I said, "Get me a pair of water!"

"What do you want it for?"

"I want a pair of water." One of the seamen did so, and I took it to the room of my maid and opening the door I said, "We are going to throw the water on the floor."

To see that man come out of his room and up those stairs in his shirt well repaid me for all I had suffered."

Roughly Silenced.

Archbishop Hateley had a tongue—he was called! Ursa Major Great Bear—at Oxford—a fact that to a young side-saddle who sat in Dublin, the attempt to swoosh with the prelate.

Approaching the Primats of the youth asked, "Does your know what is the difference between an archbishop?"

"No," was the grave answer.

"Then the youth went on, "An archbishop has a cross on his back, but an arch has a cross on his breast."

"Very good," said the archbishop.

"Now you will tell me the difference between a young side-saddle and a young side saddle?"

"Neither do I," said the archbishop and walked away.

The Art of Boiling an Egg.

Epitaphs are still discussed. Pope's poem on the art of properly to one's appetites. If that eggs should be either hard or nearly raw has excited discussion among those who are eggs boiled in two minutes, the question is called to the fact that Pope's life is exactly in line teaching of Brillat-Savarin and great cooks, that eggs should be either not more than two minutes less than twenty. For that an egg boiled is two minutes eatable, and so is an egg boiled minutes, but one boiled five minutes to leather to the digestive.

—Boston Herald.

The Bad Truth.

Mrs. Mann (meeting her friend)—Ah, Mary, I suppose you are better wages at your place?

Mary—No, ma'am. I'm working nothing now; I'm married.—Hatter.

He Was Willing.

She—I have been shut up in school so long that I feel toward and timid in company.

He—What to do with my baby?

He—I'll hold them for you, Traveler.

A good man is kinder to his than a bad man is to his friends.

History makes haste to record deeds, but often neglects to

John Chipin Performance Which Showed Young Phil's Pluck.

The following story was told by the
 Rev. J. T. Leadley, historian and biog-
 rapher of many of the heroes of the war,
 in regard to a boyhood experience of
 General Sheridan:

At five years of age he was playing
 near his home when some lads came
 along and amused themselves with the
 lively swine boy. A horse was feeding
 in an adjacent lot.

"Phil, would you like a ride?" they
 said to him.

"Yes. Give me one."

In a few moments the boy was on the
 animal's back. The sudden and unex-
 pected mounting of the young rider
 startled the steed, and away he ran.

"Wheal! Wheal!" shouted the lads
 but in vain.

Over the fence the animal sprang
 and once on the highway it was a John
 Gilpin performance. Phil clung to the
 mane, while the sobered auditors of the
 race turned pale with apprehension
 a trifle and to it, expecting to see him
 dashed to the earth and killed. But
 out of sight vanished both steed and
 rider, and miles soon intervened be-
 tween the two parties.

Suddenly the horse turned into the
 shed of a tavern, where its owner had
 frequently stopped in his travels. Mo-
 came out, and, recognizing the hor-
 questioned the boy. One of the cur-
 company, after securing the foam-
 animal, which had neither saddle nor
 bridle, inquired of the startled Phil:

"Who taught you to ride?"

"Nobody," answered the boy.

"Did no one teach you how to sit
 a horse?" asked another.

"Oh, yee. Bill Seymour told me
 to hold on with my knees, and I did."

"Wasn't you frightened?"

"Nary a bit. I wanted to go farth-
 er but the horse wouldn't go."

"Ain't you sore?"

"Kinder, but I'll be better to-mor-
 row and then I'll ride back home."

"That boy," said the question-
 er, "has pluck enough to be an fur-
 hunter."

The owner of the nag turned up
 long afterward, in search of his pro-
 perty. He said that the animal was
 docile and had thrown more than
 a dozen experienced horsemen. — New
 York Tribune.

ABBREVIATIONS.

**Time Saving That May Not Be Proved
 of Good Habit.**

Our public school children are
 beyond doubt taught nowdays are
 that interests and helps them, and
 which was unknown to their parents
 the same age.

And this instruction is given
 manner to legible the little people
 the royal road to learning, so that
 a common occurrence to have a
 burst into tears at the fear of miss-
 ing a day in school. Yet—there must
 be a yet—are they learning reflec-
 tion with the rest of the desecrated
 edge offered as their pabulum?

In the very scientific algebra is
 throughout New York state and
 piled by an instructor in the New
 school, "to save time," the in-
 common divisor is spoken of as
 "H. C. D.," and the least common
 multiple is the "L. C. M." What is
 saved, and why? And isn't such
 ing inculcating the vulgarity, such
 in this, which speaks of "photos"
 "bikes" and "buses," "if not of "
 and "gents"?

If this system of abbreviating
 thing is taught in our schools, we
 simply have to stand the jeers of
 fined foreigners at our being
 great a hurry to make money to
 speak the language properly.

As great as we are, our fault
 this rushing frantically over every-
 thing.

What the poor seers are trying to
 is reposit—a taking of time for
 refined things of life, and yet,
 principle of "chopping" the lin-
 is taught at the very base of
 the public school, what can be
 of these children when they grow
 Philadelphia Press.

Ants and Their Uses.

During 12 months spent in the
 African colonies in the years 1891
 had more opportunities than were
 now of studying the habits of
 These insects, as is well known,
 only a nuisance, but an absolute
 hot countries. They march in
 and destroy everything in their
 way.

In justice to the ants, I am bound
 ever, to admit that I have found
 useful in more ways than one.

First, I bought an opossum
 from a native. I soon became pre-
 aware of the fact that it
 swarmed with fleas and other
 In vain did I exhaust my stock-
 ing. Even turpentine seemed
 no effect beyond increasing the
 activity of these irritating pests.

At last, in despair, I threw
 down on an ant hill. In less than
 an hour every flea and other
 parasite was eaten, but the ruin
 of ants. I therefore hang it on
 bush, and as soon as the ants be-
 were suspended they hastened
 the rug and descended by the
 best they could.

Again, I had killed a snake
 and wished to clean out
 the skeleton, which I intended
 mounted as a neckpiece. I left it
 near an ants' nest. In a few hours
 was not a vestige of flesh on it.
 The sun soon did the rest.—Geo.
 Magazine.

The Largest Book.

Professor Max Muller of Ox-
 recent lecture, called attention
 largest book in the world, the
 fol Kuth Daw. It consists of
 in the shape of white mar-
 covered with inscriptions, and
 built over with a temple of
 found near the old priest city
 dalar, in Barma, and this
 of more than 700 pagodes
 makes up this monster book.

Warwick and the midland
 very innocent beverage. It
 tion of ginger, buttercup seed
 and lemon juice and is calculated
 the lining from a traction en-
 en raw, it is probably the best
 in the country, but it does not
 and, if well watered, is pleasant

"Easy, all!" rings out the order,
And the tumult ceases to strain,
And the swain of tears in rowlocks
Finds a calm and genial train,
And the sinking heart beats freely,
And the eye to each comes again.

"Easy, all!" Oh, joyous mandate
To the strugglers on life's road,
Be it but a passing respite
For the brain and strength and blood,
Though far distant be the garden—
Fame or wealth or livelihood!

When the sunnier sunshine brightens
Grimy street and sullen wall,
From the stripes of azure heaven
Falls to console the kindly call:
"Rest, weary, be weary, to-day!
Drop your cares and easy, all!"

—Full Mail Gazette.

Not Improved by the Use of Gold or Silver
In the Bell Metal.

There is a general belief that the reduction of silver or gold in the casting of a bell assures for it a superior tone, but an expert in founding bell metal says that such a belief is erroneous. He says that the best tone effect in bell metal is confined within very narrow limits, for any so called bell metal having more than 80 parts copper to 20 parts tin is too soft to produce the quality of tone, while that having more than 23 parts in the 100 is too brittle. There are bells in Europe whose clear tones were for many years credited to gold and silver that were supposed to have been added to the metal. An analysis was made not long ago of the metal in one of these bells and it failed to show any trace of gold or silver. The old German bell foundries used to make their bells of 80 parts copper to 20 parts tin. In the opinion of this expert the strongest and best toned bell is obtained from 70 parts copper and 21 parts tin.

"After the bell is 'drawn,'" says the expert, "two sweeps are made and adjusted to an upright spindle in the center of an iron case or flask, the flask having perforations all over it. The surface of the flask is coated, a layer of loam of equal and suitable thickness and baked. Then another layer is coated on and baked, and so layer after layer, until the proper shape, etc., are secured. There are two such molding cases, one fitting over the other. The outer one has the loam case on its outer side, which has the shape of the proposed bell. The inner iron molding case or flask has the loam on its inner surface, forming the side shape of the bell. This is let over the under mold and carefully adjusted equally all around, leaving space inside between the two molds. The under flask is called the core, the upper or outer one is called the case. The space is filled up by the molten metal, which, when cooled, is the bell.

"When the bell is taken out of the molds it is polished, and then hangings, tongue (or clapper), fitted to the bell, and it receives a very ringing test, partly to ascertain its tone and resonant quality and to test its mechanical excellence and adjustment. Then, if it appears to be good at all points, it is shipped to the purchaser. The making and shipping of a bell usually require from 10 to 15 days, smaller sizes. The larger sizes—smaller than 1,500 pounds and heavier—take more time. A peal of three or four bells requires from 40 to 90 days while a chime of nine or more requires from three to six months.

"Any foundry can, of course, make and select nine or ten bells to suit for a chime, but time is one thing, tone is another."—*Chicago Record*.

The Will and the Method.

A game called poker is chosen by an official of the American Surety company with responsibility for a number of the embezzlements that take place in the United States. It does not require any familiarity with the sport of cards, which is, we believe, wrong, except that the object is to bluff your opponent instead of a ball of holes, to justify the belief that Surety man confounds effect with cause. The embezzlers' stake stolen money and they are dishonest and peculiar medium of their operations hardly be charged even with a touch of—*New York Times*.

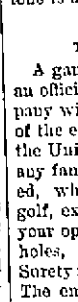
Not Bird Brains.

"There was a strange man who came today, papa," said little John to his father. "Who?" "The man who met my father in the street when he came home on Wednesday night."

"Did he have a bill?"

"No, papa. He had just come from the States."

—*Philadelphia Times*.



A sick person trying to keep up stimulating tonics is like any one trying to swim while supported by an instant the support is withdrawn you go.

Practically all diseases result from a seated impairment of the nutritive which cannot be reached by any exhilaration. The only good medicine can do is to increase your powers of recovery and make strength for yourself.

The debilitating weakness, a digestive disorder which in state of mal-nutrition can only be cured by a scientific remedy like the Golden Medical Discovery which acts upon the remedy and blood organs, and effects the nutritive of food into rich, healthy carriers genuine permanent vitality of the system.

It vastly more nutritious extracts. It does not paralyze the body much with healthy than cod liver oil emulsions. It is fed by the weakest stomachs, not make flabby useless fat. It is a healthy healthy nerve food, only perfect invigorant for corpulent.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, writes: "In the year of 1842 I was troubled—nervous depression of a few months. The physicians seemed like a rock. Everything I ate was great pain; I had a bearing down in my stomach, and a swelling on my right side, and in the throat. I was treated by three or four doctors, but no relief. The physicians said I was nervous, and I got it and commenced to be a case for a change for the better. I was cured by the Golden Medical Discovery. I took six bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery and I was cured. I said to improve my health, I said I had 'dropsy' and that leading into pulmonary consumption, and a cough, and the home physician said I was dying. I thank God that my cure was so quick."

THE EX-KING OF THE FAKIRS TELLS
HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

Kick After Having Done Only Four Days' Work in Thirty Years—How He Got His Nickname—Cura Salve For Russians and Perfumed Bona For Frenchmen.

Tick Lowndes, the ex-king of the fakirs, having become rich, left off traveling on his fiftieth birthday, married a young wife and settled down in Philadelphia. "Because I was born there," he says in explanation of this strange thing, "and I believe a man ought to give the town he was born in a show."

For nearly 80 years Lowndes, circumnavigating the globe 11 times, beamed upon the world's population through his Moses P. Banly whiskers, and, in his own words, "joshed 'em all, white, black, red, brown and yellow," in providing for his luxurious existence and for his eventual wealth. He got his nickname of "Tick" from the solid gold watches he used to sell to countrymen for the nominal sum of two bits.

"Maybe you think they won't go," he would bawl, holding up one of his watches when purchasers were bewildered. "That's where you're 'wayward. Listen to this one tick." And he would imitate the ticking of a watch with mouth so that the sound could be easily heard by those on the outer limits of the crowd around the torch illuminating earnings. Success and seniority gave him the title king of the fakirs, which he was known until his retirement.

"I often hear no account chap talking about how hard it is to get along in this world," said Lowndes whenever he was here. "They make me weary. The world is easy—easy"—snapping fingers as if the subject was too silly to talk about. "When I was a small boy playing marbles and shiny and top, I looked about me and saw hands breaking their necks trying to earn a living—struggling, sweating, worrying, working like the devil, or one of 'em."

"It was positively painful for me to watch 'em, although I was only in breeches. I made up my mind early then that I had a heap too big a capacity for fun to wear myself out working, and I determined to make the world oyster. Well, I've been nibbling on oyster ever since, and the only way you could call work that I over did four days of coal heaving down in stokehole of a Japanese steamer, which I was a stowaway. How's that for a record—only four days' work 80 years! Don't I look it?"

Tick didn't look it. He was a persuasive Jeweler's shop. Diamonds glittered all over him—not the sort of monies he used to put into his Panama envelopes. It was acknowledged that he looked prosperous all right.

"Now you'll be astonished, but the worst joys I ever struck anywhere in the world are the Russians. I told sold about five tons of axle grease to save for a ruble or ounce box of trip through southern Russia. A lot of men in Russia have corns. They all heavy cowhide boots—the old folks, I mean—which I suppose cost for it. I felt almost ashamed that those Russian folks left over each to buy my ordinary axle grease of mere for their corns, and the way it was that in the larger towns, I stand for three or four days, that I had bought the stuff on the day of my arrival came to me barefoot and told me gratefully that grease had entirely cured their corns. Why, I was regarded as a public benefactor throughout the whole empire."

"I found the French pretty easy, too, especially in the smaller towns. The first time I hit Franco I was finding West Indian perfumebred were the ordinary American boys; they don't know how to cook them, despite all this talk of blue the town of bonus. I dyed them blue and soaked 'em over night in logne. I used a Mexican vaquero on up on this trip and sold them dozen for a frame, with a long bind about the perfume lasting ten years, and so on. It was like money, this Lean fake in France."

"All of the South American Panama to Patagonia, are pretty good brick. All over South America thousands of gallons of watermelon to make the half breeds made it of nights as I went alone any old thing that wasn't hoo dandelion roots, wild cherry or such stuff. The governments of me finally for it, though, and the reason the half breeds of America are still reddish. Their governments wouldn't let enough of my whitening stuff."

"The Mexicans'll buy a you may not believe it, but I send dollars' worth of con soap for removing grease spots trip down there, notwithstanding fact that the ducks worn by who bought the soap were as the G string under as the law of would permit. I sold 'em hats that cost me a quarter each for \$28, which was about as never after I played it, as any ever used a safety razor will."

"I would have made a million the natives of the Fiji islands jealous white residents down not choked me off. As it was, up a good bit of money on the I traded off blue spectacles for wigs for cochinial. Cochinial was what about worth its weight in gold."

The Fijis went crazy over me people, and I had several of 'em gathering cochinial for medicinal soups heated me out.

"I was cooking up a scheme the Kaffirs some stuff to steal kinkly wool and make it look white men's hair, but the w down there wouldn't stand it there was millions in it."—**Cor. New York Sun.**

There is a cypress in the Dadua which is looked upon been a contemporary of Jesus and, according to another plausible legend, it was a trunk of his tree that Francis "all lost save honor," even break his sword.

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